

SO I REINCARNATED AS A CADIAN GUARDSMAN



転生したら、カディアの兵士になっていた件

1



Reincarnated on the frontlines
of humanity's endless war.

著

天城ケン

イラスト

黒猫むっ

CADIA
STANDS.
ALWAYS.

GC文庫

俺はただ、生きて、
人類帝国のために戦う。



So I Reincarnated as a Cadian Guardsman

Written and Illustrated by ChatGPT from a stupid idea.

This has not been proof-read or edited in any way. Just compiled and made "pretty".

Table of Contents

Cover
Images
Prologue
Chapter I
Chapter II
Chapter III
Chapter IV
Chapter V
Chapter VI
End Images











Prologue



Death

Kenji Sato died arguing online.

Not metaphorically.

Literally.

One second he was half-asleep in his apartment at three in the morning, typing:

“Actually the Imperial Guard are underrated—”

The next second, headlights flooded his vision.

Screeching tires.

Impact.

Then darkness.

When consciousness returned, he was cold.

Not hospital cold.

Metal cold.

Industrial cold.

The air smelled like oil, sweat, and recycled oxygen.

Sirens screamed overhead.

Red emergency lumens flashed rhythmically through a cramped steel compartment packed shoulder-to-shoulder with armored soldiers.

Kenji blinked slowly.

A helmet slammed into his shoulder as someone shoved past him.

“Move, idiot!”

The voice spoke Gothic.

He understood it instantly.

That realization hit before anything else.

Then he looked down.

Green flak armor.

Mud-stained fatigues.

A lasgun hanging from a rack beside him.

And painted across the chestplate in worn white lettering:

CADIA STANDS.

His stomach dropped.

“No...” he whispered.

Another siren blared.

A mechanical voice thundered overhead.

> “ALL PERSONNEL REPORT FOR FINAL DESCENT
PREPARATION.”

> “GLORY TO THE GOD-EMPEROR.”

Kenji stared blankly.

“No no no no no—”

This wasn’t possible.

This wasn’t a dream.

Because he recognized the transport.

Recognized the armor.

Recognized the insignias.

Recognized the terrible, oppressive architecture of the troop bay.

Warhammer 40,000.

His favorite setting.

The worst possible universe humanity had ever imagined.

And somehow—

Somehow—

He was inside it.

A man dropped heavily onto the bench beside him.

Scarred face.

Buzzcut.

One artificial eye clicking softly as it focused.

Veteran.

The man frowned.

“You hit your head during loading?”

Kenji stared.

The veteran snorted.

“Wonderful. Another concussion recruit.”

He stuck out a gloved hand.

“Sergeant Varik. 88th Cadian.”

Kenji almost didn’t answer.

Because his brain had finally caught up with one horrifying fact.

If this really was Cadia...

Then there was a very real chance he already knew how this story ended.

And if he was right—

Then every single person on this transport was already dead.

Chapter I



Cadia

The planet looked beautiful from orbit.

That was the cruelest part.

Kenji stood among hundreds of Guardsmen inside the descending lander as massive viewports revealed Cadia below.

Green continents.

Silver oceans.

Towering fortress-cities glittering beneath cloud cover.

Orbital defense platforms drifted like steel mountains overhead.

Thousands of ships crowded the void.

Battleships.

Transports.

Destroyers.

Enough firepower to erase civilizations.

And still...

Still it wouldn't be enough.

Because Kenji knew what was coming.

The Thirteenth Black Crusade.

Abaddon.

The fall of Cadia.

The death of a world.

His breathing quickened.

A nearby Guardsman noticed.

“First deployment?”

Kenji turned.

Young.

Maybe eighteen.

Clean armor.

Nervous smile.

“Pell,” the recruit said, offering a hand. “Whiteshield transfer.”

Kenji shook it automatically.

“Kenji.”

Pell blinked.

“Strange name.”

Right.

He needed to stop thinking like he was visiting.

This was real now.

His name tag already reflected it:

K. SATO

Somehow the Imperium had simply accepted his existence into its endless bureaucracy.

Which was honestly the most believable part of this nightmare.

The lander shook violently.

Warning klaxons screamed.

Several recruits panicked instantly.

Varik didn't even look up.

"Relax," the sergeant barked. "If we were getting shot down, you'd already be dead."

Nobody laughed.

Kenji almost did.

Because that was probably the funniest sentence ever spoken in the 41st millennium.

Hours later they marched through Kasr Myrak.

And Kenji finally understood something the memes never captured.

Cadia was not incompetent.

Cadia was terrifying.

Every civilian moved with purpose.

Children drilled with wooden rifles in public courtyards.

Cargo trains thundered endlessly through armored rail lines.

Massive defense cannons tracked the sky above fortress walls kilometers thick.

Every street carried the atmosphere of a world permanently

preparing for war.

Not hopeful.

Not proud.

Resolved.

As if the entire planet had already accepted death generations ago.

Pell grinned while marching beside him.

“Beautiful, isn’t it?”

Kenji looked around at gun batteries larger than skyscrapers.

At propaganda murals depicting daemons and burning worlds.

At civilians carrying rifles as casually as umbrellas.

“...Sure.”

Pell laughed.

“You’ll get used to it.”

That sentence almost made Kenji sick.

Because no human being should ever “get used” to this place.

Their barracks were buried deep within the fortress district.

Concrete.

Steel.

No windows.

Rows of bunks.

The ceiling vibrated constantly from distant artillery practice.

Varik tossed a duffel onto Kenji’s cot.

“Congratulations,” he grunted. “Home.”

Bronn, the squad heavy gunner, looked up from cleaning an enormous autocannon.

The man was gigantic.

Half his face burned black from old plasma scarring.

He looked like a serial killer.

“New guy?” Bronn rumbled.

Varik nodded.

“Try not to break him immediately.”

Bronn shrugged.

“No promises.”

Then he offered Kenji a ration bar.

Kenji accepted it cautiously.

Bronn smiled slightly.

“See? I’m lovable.”

The ration tasted like salted drywall.

That night Kenji couldn’t sleep.

The artillery never stopped.

Distant booms rolled endlessly through the fortress foundations.

He stared at the bunk above him.

Cadia.

Actually Cadia.

His mind replayed lore fragments obsessively.

Blackstone Fortress.

Abaddon.

The pylons.

Chaos fleets.

Planetary collapse.

Millions dead.

Billions maybe.

And he was here before it happened.

Could he stop it?

Warn someone?

Would anyone believe him?

Probably not.

And even if they did...

This was Warhammer 40k.

Prophecy usually just made things worse.

A shadow appeared beside his bunk.

Lysa Holt.

Combat medic.

Short dark hair.

Sharp eyes.

Constant exhaustion.

"You've been hyperventilating for twenty minutes," she said quietly.

Kenji blinked.

"...Sorry."

She handed him a metal cup.

Recap.

It smelled terrible.

He drank it anyway.

"You're thinking too loudly," she said.

"What?"

"You have the face recruits make when they realize they're mortal."

She sat beside the bunk.

"You know what helps?"

Kenji shook his head.

"Routine."

Simple answer.

Matter-of-fact.

Like discussing weather.

Lysa leaned back against the wall.

"You wake up. You drill. You eat terrible food. You complain. You survive another day."

"And if you don't?"

She looked at him for a long moment.

“Then it stops being your problem.”

God.

That was the most 40k answer imaginable.

And somehow...

It helped.

Just a little.

Three weeks passed.

Training consumed everything.

Weapons drills.

Urban combat exercises.

Gas-mask endurance.

Live-fire artillery coordination.

Kenji discovered several horrifying truths:

First: Lasguns were absolutely not weak.

A single shot blew chunks from concrete barriers during range training.

Another vaporized a practice dummy's torso.

The flashlight memes were complete nonsense.

Second: The Imperial Guard functioned because ordinary humans became extraordinary through discipline.

Not heroics.

Not individuality.

Training.

Coordination.

Procedure.

Third: Everyone on Cadia expected death.

Not dramatically.

Not emotionally.

Practically.

Like factory workers expecting retirement.

That realization unsettled Kenji more than anything else.

One afternoon Varik stopped beside him during rifle maintenance.

“You finally stopped flinching at artillery.”

Kenji glanced up.

“...Guess I adapted.”

Varik grunted.

“That’s either good or tragic.”

Then he walked away.

Kenji stared after him.

Because that single sentence perfectly summarized the Imperium of Man.

The first attack began during evening chow.

The sirens sounded differently this time.

Not drills.

Not exercises.

Real panic buried beneath forced discipline.

Every Guardsman in the mess hall froze instantly.

Then came the announcement:

“ALL COMBAT PERSONNEL REPORT TO DEFENSIVE POSITIONS.”

“THIS IS NOT A DRILL.”

Silence.

Absolute silence.

Then hundreds of soldiers moved at once.

No screaming.

No chaos.

Just terrifying efficiency.

Pell's hands trembled while loading his rifle.

Bronn checked ammunition belts mechanically.

Lysa sealed medkits without speaking.

Varik slammed a fresh power pack into his lasgun.

“Move.”

That single word snapped Kenji into motion.

And as distant explosions thundered across Cadia's surface...

He realized something horrifying.

This was only the beginning.

Chapter II



First Contact

The sky above Kasr Myrak burned red.

Kenji stood atop the fortress wall gripping his lasgun hard enough for his knuckles to ache.

Searchlights stabbed upward through ash-filled clouds.

Anti-air batteries thundered without pause.

The entire horizon flickered with distant explosions.

And somewhere far above the atmosphere...

A void war was happening.

The realization made him feel impossibly small.

Billions of lives.

Thousands of ships.

Entire worlds balanced on decisions made by people he would never meet.

This was war at a scale the human brain was never meant to process.

Varik moved down the defensive line checking equipment.

“Safety off.”

Clicks echoed immediately.

“Power settings?”

“Standard!”

“Target discipline?”

“Confirmed!”

The responses came instantly.

Automatic.

Conditioned.

Kenji joined in half a second late.

Varik noticed.

The sergeant noticed everything.

“You hesitate in combat,” Varik said flatly, “you die.”

Then he kept walking.

No speech.

No encouragement.

Just fact.

The fortress wall stretched for kilometers in either direction.

Artillery crews worked massive cannons behind reinforced shield positions.

Servitors hauled ammunition crates tirelessly through trenches.

Vox operators shouted coordinates over static-filled channels.

Above them, Valkyrie gunships screamed across the clouds.

Pell stared upward in awe.

“Emperor...”

Kenji followed his gaze.

At first he thought they were meteors.

Then one of them changed direction.

Drop pods.

Hundreds of them.

No.

Thousands.

Tiny burning scars descending from orbit.

The wall guns opened fire instantly.

The night became white.

“CONTACT FRONT!”

Lasfire erupted across the battlements.

Kenji flinched instinctively.

The sound wasn’t cinematic.

It was violent.

A deafening chain of crackling energy discharges filling the air with

ozone and smoke.

Then the first enemy landed.

The pod slammed into the wasteland beyond the fortress trenches hard enough to shake the wall beneath Kenji's boots.

Others followed.

Hundreds.

Explosive bolts detonated outward.

Armored figures emerged through fire.

Black armor.

Spiked silhouettes.

Eye lenses glowing crimson through smoke.

Chaos Space Marines.

Kenji's blood froze.

Every instinct screamed at him to run.

Because those weren't enemies.

They were walking tanks.

Monsters.

Posthuman killers wearing the corpses of demigods.

And they were advancing directly toward the walls.

Pell whispered beside him.

"...Throne..."

Varik didn't blink.

"Hold position."

That calmness terrified Kenji more than the enemy.

Because it meant Varik had seen things like this before.

The first artillery barrage hit moments later.

Earth vanished.

Entire sections of battlefield erupted upward in curtains of fire and dirt.

Chaos infantry disappeared beneath explosions powerful enough to flatten buildings.

The shockwave rolled across the walls like thunder.

Kenji stared.

The Guard didn't fight wars.

The Guard erased geography.

And still—

Still the enemy kept advancing.

"Targets approaching trench line!"

Autocannons opened up.

Bronn's heavy weapon roared beside them.

Spent casings flooded the platform around his boots.

"COME ON THEN!" Bronn bellowed over the gunfire.

The giant actually sounded happy.

A traitor marine exploded apart under concentrated fire from three heavy weapons teams.

Kenji's hope surged—

Then the corpse stood back up.

Warp fire leaked from shattered armor.

Something inside the broken shell moved wrong.

Too many limbs.

Too many teeth.

The thing screamed.

Not with sound.

With pressure.

Kenji felt blood run from his nose instantly.

Several Guardsmen collapsed clutching their helmets.

A psyker nearby began shrieking uncontrollably.

“DON'T LOOK AT IT!” someone screamed.

Too late.

Kenji saw it fully for half a second.

And that half second rewired something fundamental inside him.

The creature wasn't merely horrifying.

It was incorrect.

Like reality itself rejected its existence.

A bolt shell struck the battlement ten meters away.

Three Guardsmen vanished instantly.

Not died.

Vanished.

Reduced to red vapor and shattered armor fragments.

Kenji stumbled backward in panic.

This was impossible.

Humans weren't supposed to fight things like this.

A massive armored figure charged through artillery smoke below.

Black armor.

Trophy spikes.

A chainaxe roaring like an engine.

The Chaos Marine vaulted directly into the trench network beneath the wall.

Screaming followed immediately.

Short.

Wet.

Horrible.

“South trench collapsing!”

“Requesting reinforcement!”

“Medicae! MEDICAE!”

The vox dissolved into chaos.

And through it all, the artillery never stopped.

Kenji realized he’d stopped breathing.

Lysa grabbed his shoulder hard enough to hurt.

“Breathe.”

He inhaled sharply.

She shoved fresh power packs into his hands.

“Panic later.”

Then she sprinted toward wounded soldiers without waiting for a response.

The enemy reached the outer minefields.

Explosions chained endlessly across the wasteland.

Bodies disappeared in fire.

But more kept coming.

Cultists now.

Thousands of them.

Mad civilians charging through explosions with stolen weapons and Chaos symbols carved into their flesh.

Some burned alive while still running.

Others detonated under heavy bolter fire.

And still they came.

Because Chaos didn't care about casualties.

It weaponized insanity itself.

“Fire!”

Varik's order snapped through Kenji's paralysis.

The squad opened fire together.

Kenji fired too.

The lasgun kicked lightly against his shoulder.

A charging cultist's chest exploded outward.

The man collapsed instantly.

Kenji stared.

He had just killed someone.

No.

Not someone.

A human being.

Before he could process it, another cultist appeared.

Then another.

Then twenty more.

Training took over.

Aim.

Fire.

Reload.

Repeat.

The battlefield became mechanical.

A process.

No room for thought.

Only survival.

Hours blurred together.

The dead piled beneath the walls.

Smoke covered everything.

Kenji no longer knew how long they had been fighting.

His ears rang constantly.

His throat burned from propellant smoke and chemical ash.

Pell vomited beside the battlement between reloads.

Then resumed firing immediately.

Nobody mocked him.

Half the wall had done the same.

Then the sirens changed again.

Different pitch.

Different rhythm.

Every veteran on the wall stiffened instantly.

Varik looked upward.

“...Emperor preserve us.”

Kenji followed his gaze.

And saw the sky splitting open.

At first it resembled lightning.

Purple fractures spreading across the clouds.

Then reality itself tore apart.

Something enormous moved behind the wound in the sky.

Impossible geometry.

Shifting eyes.

Massive horned silhouettes emerging from living darkness.

Daemons.

Real daemons.

The Warp was bleeding through.

Several Guardsmen nearby immediately began praying.

Others simply stared in horror.

One man shot himself.

Kenji understood why.

The temperature dropped instantly.

Ice spread across the battlements.

Vox systems shrieked with distorted whispers.

And somewhere beneath the fortress—

Something ancient answered.

A deep metallic groan rolled through the planet itself.

The Blackstone pylons.

Kenji remembered the lore instantly.

Cadia's pylons were activating.

Trying to hold reality together.

Trying to stop the Warp breach.

And for one terrible moment...

It worked.

The sky trembled.

The purple fractures slowed.

Daemons screamed in fury.

The entire battlefield paused.

Hope spread across the wall.

Tiny.

Fragile.

Desperate.

Then a distant voice echoed across every vox channel simultaneously.

Warm.

Cruel.

Triumphant.

> “CADIA HAS STOOD TEN THOUSAND YEARS.”

> “IT WILL FALL TONIGHT.”

Abaddon.

Even hearing the voice made Kenji’s stomach turn.

Because history was happening around him.

And history did not care whether he survived it.

A massive impact shook the fortress.

Somewhere far away, something enormous had just hit the planet.

The wall beneath them cracked.

Dust rained from above.

Then came the next transmission:

> “ALL GUARD UNITS.”

> “PREPARE FOR GROUND BREACH.”

Varik checked his rifle one final time.

Bronn grinned like a madman while feeding fresh ammunition into the autocannon.

Lysa silently tightened her medical gloves.

Pell looked like he might cry.

Kenji realized he probably looked the same.

Varik looked at the squad.

No speeches.

No grand inspiration.

Just one sentence.

“Hold the line.”

Then the fortress alarms began screaming.

Chapter III



Breach

The first breach happened three kilometers east of their position.

Kenji never saw the impact itself.

He only saw the light.

A blinding white flash beyond the fortress skyline that turned night into day for half a second.

Then came the sound.

Not an explosion.

A concussion.

Like the planet itself had been punched.

The battlements lurched violently.

Several Guardsmen lost their footing instantly.

Vox traffic erupted into overlapping panic.

> “WALL SECTION EIGHT COLLAPSED—”

> “Traitor armor entering lower districts!”

> “All reserve companies redeploy immediately!”

> “They’re inside the Kasr!”

Inside.

The word spread through the wall like poison.

Because fortress worlds were not supposed to be breached.

Cadia was humanity’s shield.

If Cadia could bleed—

Then nowhere was safe.

Varik was already moving.

“Squad with me!”

Nobody hesitated.

The veterans didn’t even look afraid anymore.

Just focused.

That frightened Kenji more than panic would have.

The lower transit tunnels shook constantly as thousands of Guardsmen redeployed through the fortress interior.

Bootsteps thundered endlessly through steel corridors.

Servitors hauled ammunition crates through crowds.

Priests screamed sermons over portable loudhailers.

Every wall carried Imperial iconography.

Golden eagles.

Martyrs.

Saints.

Propaganda posters declaring:

THE EMPEROR PROTECTS.

For the first time since arriving on Cadia...

Kenji genuinely hoped that was true.

Pell jogged beside him breathing hard.

“Do you think they’ll stop them?”

Kenji opened his mouth.

Nothing came out.

Because he knew the answer.

Cadia was already doomed.

The timeline had too much momentum.

The Black Crusade was too large.

The fleets too overwhelming.

The planet would break.

It was inevitable.

And somehow...

Somehow knowing that made him feel even more helpless.

The squad emerged into the undercity defensive sector an hour

later.

And found hell.

Buildings burned across entire city blocks.

Smoke flooded the streets.

Civilian corpses littered shattered plazas beside dead Guardsmen and cultists.

A Chimera transport burned upside down against a collapsed hab-block.

Its crew was still trapped inside.

Kenji could hear screaming from the wreck.

Nobody stopped.

Because they couldn't.

That realization almost broke him.

“Defensive positions!” Varik barked.

The squad moved into a ruined administratum structure overlooking a major roadway.

Bronn immediately deployed the autocannon at a blown-out window.

Lysa converted an overturned desk into a casualty station.

Pell shakily checked power packs.

Kenji tried not to stare at the bodies outside.

One corpse wore civilian clothing.

A child.

His stomach twisted.

Warhammer 40k had always felt stylized before.

Exaggerated.

Absurdly grimdark.

But standing inside it...

It wasn't cool anymore.

It was industrialized suffering.

A distant roar echoed through the streets.

Engine noise.

Heavy.

Massive.

Varik immediately snapped toward the sound.

“Armor.”

Bronn grinned.

“Finally.”

The giant chambered an autocannon round with loving care.

The enemy tank emerged through smoke moments later.

Corrupted Leman Russ.

Its hull twisted with spikes and chains.

Warp symbols burned across blackened armor plating.

Human bodies hung from the sides like trophies.

Kenji froze.

That thing looked less like a vehicle and more like a moving war crime.

“Fire!”

Bronn’s autocannon roared instantly.

The shell struck the tank’s side hard enough to shower sparks across the street.

Minimal damage.

The corrupted Russ answered immediately.

Its battle cannon fired.

The entire building shook.

The upper floor behind them vanished in a cloud of pulverized concrete.

Pell screamed as debris rained through the room.

Kenji hit the floor instinctively.

Dust filled his lungs.

His ears rang violently.

“Missile team!” Varik shouted into the vox.

Static answered.

No support.

No reinforcements.

Nothing.

The city was collapsing too quickly.

They were on their own.

The tank advanced slowly through the burning avenue.

Methodical.

Predatory.

Heavy bolters opened fire from its hull.

The ruined office around them exploded into splinters and concrete fragments.

One Guardsman near the stairwell disappeared instantly in a spray of blood.

Kenji flinched violently.

Varik grabbed him by the collar.

“Focus!”

The sergeant shoved a meltabomb into his chest rig.

Kenji stared at it.

Then at Varik.

“No.”

Varik’s expression never changed.

“You’re closest.”

Kenji looked outside again.

The tank was maybe fifty meters away now.

Massive.

Invincible.

Death wrapped in steel.

“I can’t—”

“You can.”

Simple.

Absolute.

Not encouragement.

Expectation.

Bronn’s autocannon hammered continuously.

“Move, rookie!”

The giant sounded furious now.

Not at Kenji.

At the enemy.

At the situation.

At the fact they were losing ground.

Kenji’s legs moved before his brain agreed.

He sprinted from cover into the street.

Lasfire screamed overhead immediately.

The corrupted tank rotated toward him with terrifying speed.

A heavy bolter opened fire.

The road around him detonated into fountains of debris.

He almost fell.

Kept running.

Every instinct begged him to stop.

Humans weren't supposed to charge tanks.

But this universe demanded impossible things from ordinary people every single day.

That was the true horror of the Guard.

Not fanaticism.

Necessity.

The tank loomed over him now.

Its armor was covered in dried blood.

Something organic pulsed beneath cracks in the hull plating.

Kenji saw faces moving inside the metal.

Screaming silently.

Warp corruption.

He nearly vomited.

The tank's turret began turning downward toward him.

Too slow.

Too massive.

This was his chance.

Kenji slammed the meltabomb against the side armor and ran.

The magnetic clamps locked instantly.

Three seconds.

Two—

The explosion ripped the side of the tank apart in a burst of white heat.

The Russ lurched sideways violently.

Fire erupted from internal compartments.

Warp-tainted smoke poured into the street.

Then something inside screamed.

Not mechanical.

Alive.

The hatch burst open.

A burning crewman stumbled halfway out.

His body had fused into the tank interior.

Metal and flesh merged together.

He reached toward Kenji.

Begging.

Or cursing.

Kenji couldn't tell.

Bronn's autocannon tore him apart instantly.

Silence fell briefly across the street.

Then cheers erupted from nearby Guardsmen.

Not triumphant.

Relieved.

Because they were still alive.

Varik hauled Kenji back behind cover.

“Good.”

That was all he said.

But somehow it meant more than praise.

The victory lasted less than five minutes.

Then the sky screamed.

Everyone froze.

Even the veterans.

The sound came from above the clouds.

Immense.

Metallic.

Dying.

Kenji slowly looked upward through the broken ceiling.

And saw something impossible descending through the atmosphere.

A ship.

Not falling.

Crashing.

Enormous beyond comprehension.

A burning continent of steel tearing through the sky trailing fire and debris across half the horizon.

A Blackstone Fortress fragment.

Kenji recognized it instantly.

And the realization hollowed him out completely.

Because he knew what came next.

Pell stared upward in horror.

“...That’s not hitting us, right?”

Nobody answered.

The burning mass continued descending across the atmosphere like the wrath of a god.

Every vox channel on Cadia dissolved into screaming.

Orders.

Prayers.

Panic.

Then impact.

The world ended.

Not metaphorically.

Literally.

The shockwave flattened entire city blocks instantly.

Buildings folded sideways.

Roadways shattered.

The ground beneath Kasr Myrak cracked open with a roar louder than artillery.

Kenji hit the street hard enough to black out briefly.

When he regained consciousness—

The fortress wall in the distance was gone.

Just gone.

Entire sections of the planet had begun collapsing inward.

Cadia was breaking apart.

Actually breaking.

Pell whispered beside him:

“...Cadia stands...”

The sentence sounded less like belief now.

More like begging.

And somewhere beyond the collapsing skyline...

The Warp screamed in victory.

Chapter IV



The Death of a World

The ground would not stop shaking.

Entire streets split apart beneath collapsing hab-blocks while millions of tons of fortress infrastructure screamed against gravity.

Cadia was dying.

Kenji staggered upright through drifting ash and pulverized concrete.

The sky had changed color.

Purple fractures spread across the heavens like cracks in glass while burning debris rained endlessly from orbit.

The Blackstone fragment had not merely impacted the planet.

It had broken it.

“Move!”

Varik dragged Pell away from a widening fissure moments before the roadway collapsed inward.

Far below, molten light glowed through the planet’s crust.

Kenji stared in disbelief.

This was beyond warfare.

Beyond invasion.

An entire world was being murdered.

The vox channels had become useless.

Static.

Screaming.

Prayers.

Dying officers shouting contradictory orders.

No centralized command remained.

The fortress network was collapsing too quickly.

For the first time since arriving in this universe...

Kenji truly understood scale.

Warhammer 40k wasn't horrifying because people died.

It was horrifying because entire civilizations could vanish in a single night and history would barely notice.

Bronn hauled debris off trapped Guardsmen with terrifying strength.

The giant's burned face was streaked with blood now.

"Found survivors!"

Lysa immediately moved to help.

Even now.

Even while the world ended around them.
They still stopped for wounded strangers.
That hit Kenji harder than the destruction itself.
Because these people weren't monsters.
The Imperium was monstrous.
But the people inside it...
They were just human beings trying to survive.

A roar echoed overhead.
Everyone ducked instinctively.
A Valkyrie gunship screamed between collapsing towers trailing
black smoke from one engine.
It nearly clipped a cathedral spire before vanishing into the ash
storm.
The pilot never slowed down.
No time.
Not anymore.

Pell looked close to breaking.
His hands shook violently while clutching his lasgun.
“This can't happen,” he whispered.
“Nobody breaks Cadia.”
Nobody answered.

Because Cadia was already broken.

The squad moved through the ruins with thousands of other retreating Guardsmen.

No formation remained.

Only survival.

Priests marched through the chaos carrying aquilas high while screaming prayers into the ash-filled air.

Commissars executed deserters openly at intersections.

Tank columns rolled past civilian evacuation lines without stopping.

The Imperium was trying to save itself the only way it knew how:

By sacrificing everything slower than the enemy.

Then the daemons arrived fully.

The first one descended from the fractured sky like a corpse hanging from invisible strings.

Too many limbs.

Too many mouths.

Its body constantly changed shape as reality struggled to define it.

Several nearby civilians immediately began bleeding from the eyes.

One Guardsman dropped his rifle and started laughing uncontrollably.

Another shot him without hesitation.

Kenji felt cold spread through his bones.

Not physical cold.

Existential cold.

The thing shouldn't exist.

Humanity was never supposed to see creatures like this.

"Eyes down!" Varik barked.

The squad obeyed instantly.

Training again.

Discipline against madness.

Kenji focused on the ground while lasfire erupted around them.

Heavy weapons opened up from nearby barricades.

The daemon screamed.

Buildings shattered.

People caught fire without touching flame.

Warp corruption spread outward like infection.

Then a battle cannon shell vaporized the creature entirely.

A nearby Baneblade superheavy tank rolled through the avenue moments later.

Massive.

Cathedral-like.

Its guns thundered continuously while infantry followed behind it through the ruins.

The tank commander's voice boomed through external speakers:

> “HOLD YOUR GROUND.”

> “CADIA STANDS.”

The nearby Guardsmen roared in response.

Not because they believed victory was possible anymore.

But because the alternative was despair.

Kenji realized something then.

Hope in the Imperium wasn't optimism.

It was defiance.

Humanity looked directly at impossible horror and continued fighting anyway.

Not because they would win.

Because surrender was worse.

The Baneblade advanced into the ash storm.

Moments later something enormous hit it from above.

The superheavy tank disappeared beneath claws larger than buildings.

A winged daemon hauled the Baneblade partially off the ground while screaming triumphantly.

The sight shattered morale instantly.

Even veteran Guardsmen froze.

The daemon tore the tank open like paper.

Fire erupted through the avenue.

The crew died screaming over open vox.

“RUN!” someone shouted.

Panic spread immediately.

Lines collapsed.

Civilians surged through the streets.

Soldiers abandoned barricades.

For one catastrophic moment...

Cadia finally broke psychologically.

Varik grabbed Kenji hard.

“This way!”

The squad fled through collapsing side streets while the city died around them.

Artillery still fired somewhere in the distance.

Ships still burned overhead.

The Imperium was still fighting.

But Cadia itself was finished.

Everyone knew it now.

Hours blurred together.

They crossed refugee columns stretching endlessly through underground transit tunnels.

Families carried what little they could hold.

Children cried beneath emergency lumens.

Wounded soldiers lined station walls waiting for treatment that would never come.

And still the evacuation trains kept arriving overloaded beyond capacity.

There were too many people.

Not enough ships.

Not enough time.

Kenji sat against a tunnel wall exhausted beyond thought.

Pell sat nearby staring blankly at nothing.

Bronn cleaned blood from the autocannon in silence.

Lysa moved between wounded with mechanical efficiency despite barely standing herself.

Varik remained awake.

Watching.

Always watching.

Finally Pell spoke.

Voice hollow.

“Sergeant...”

Varik looked over.

“...Does Cadia really stand?”

The question hung in the tunnel.

Nobody moved.

Nobody breathed.

Varik answered after a long silence.

“Yes.”

Pell blinked weakly.

“But we’re losing.”

“Yes.”

“The planet’s dying.”

“Yes.”

“Then how—”

Varik looked toward the distant sound of artillery.

And for the first time, Kenji saw genuine emotion in the veteran’s eyes.

Not hope.

Not denial.

Pride.

“Because Cadia was never the planet.”

Silence.

Varik rested his rifle across his knees.

“It’s us.”

That sentence hit harder than any speech ever could.

Because suddenly Kenji understood.

Cadia stood because its people refused to kneel.

Even at the end of the world.

The tunnel lights flickered.

Emergency sirens began wailing again.

A nearby officer shouted down the transit corridor:

> “All surviving personnel prepare for evacuation!”

> “Chaos forces have reached the inner sectors!”

The final collapse had begun.

And somewhere far above the dying planet...

The stars themselves were disappearing behind the opening Warp storm.

Chapter V



Evacuation

The trains stopped first.

One moment the underground transit tunnels roared with overloaded evacuation traffic.

The next—

Darkness.

The entire tunnel network shuddered violently as power failed across whole sectors of the planet.

Emergency lumens flickered red.

People immediately started screaming.

“Stay moving!” officers shouted through the panic.

Nobody listened.

Refugees surged through the tunnels in blind terror.

Families became separated instantly.

Children vanished into crowds.

Somewhere nearby, automatic gunfire erupted.

Looters.

Deserters.

Or maybe just frightened soldiers.

On Cadia's final night, the distinction barely mattered anymore.

Kenji lost sight of Pell for nearly thirty seconds.

Those thirty seconds felt longer than the entire battle.

When he finally found him again, the younger Guardsman was helping an elderly civilian stand after being knocked down by the crowd.

Even now.

Even here.

Kenji almost laughed at how absurdly human that was.

The galaxy was ending overhead and this idiot was still helping strangers.

Varik forced the squad into a maintenance corridor away from the main evacuation crush.

"Surface route," he said.

Bronn frowned.

"Surface is suicide."

Varik checked his nearly empty power packs.

"So is staying here."

Nobody argued.

The access hatch opened onto devastation.

Kasr Myrak no longer resembled a city.

It resembled an autopsy.

Entire districts had collapsed into burning craters.

Cathedral spires leaned sideways through smoke-choked skies.

Fragments of orbital ships continued raining from the heavens like meteors.

And through it all—

The Warp storm grew larger.

Purple lightning crawled across the atmosphere while reality distorted visibly around the fractures.

Kenji saw buildings bending at impossible angles in the distance.

Saw shadows moving incorrectly.

Saw a dead Guardsman briefly stand back up before dissolving into ash.

The barrier between dimensions was failing completely.

Lysa stared upward grimly.

“We’re out of time.”

Nobody disagreed.

The evacuation zone lay nearly six kilometers away at the edge of the spaceport district.

Six kilometers through a collapsing warzone.

Wonderful.

They moved through ruined streets cautiously.

Every intersection looked like the aftermath of an apocalypse.

Burned-out tanks.

Mass graves.

Collapsed defense lines.

Entire platoons left where they fell.

The smell had become unbearable.

Smoke.

Fuel.

Blood.

Burning flesh.

Kenji had stopped reacting to it hours ago.

That realization scared him.

A lone Guardsman stumbled from an alleyway ahead.

Missing his helmet.

Eyes wide.

Bleeding heavily from one arm.

“Help...” he croaked.

Lysa immediately moved forward.

Varik grabbed her shoulder.

“Wait.”

The wounded soldier twitched strangely.

His shadow moved half a second too slowly.

Kenji’s stomach dropped.

Warp corruption.

The soldier looked up again—

And his jaw split open vertically.

Too far.

Too wide.

Tentacles erupted from inside his throat.

Pell screamed.

Varik fired instantly.

The lasbolt punched through the thing’s skull.

The body collapsed twitching onto the pavement.

Silence followed.

Heavy.

Numb.

Lysa stared at the corpse for several seconds.

Then quietly said:

“...Thank you.”

Varik only nodded.

No emotion.

No hesitation.

Because hesitation killed entire squads here.

Further ahead they found civilians trapped beneath collapsed transit debris.

Bronn immediately began lifting concrete slabs despite Varik ordering movement.

“Bronn.”

The giant ignored him.

Metal groaned as he hauled debris aside with brute strength.

A little girl emerged from beneath the rubble clutching a broken stuffed animal.

Bronn gently handed her to Lysa like she weighed nothing.

Kenji stared.

The huge scarred heavy gunner looked embarrassed.

“What?”

Lysa smirked faintly.

“You’re soft.”

“Shut up.”

The moment lasted maybe ten seconds.

Then the artillery returned.

Not Imperial this time.

Enemy fire.

The avenue ahead exploded.

Bodies disappeared instantly.

The shockwave hurled everyone sideways.

Kenji slammed hard against broken masonry.

His vision blurred.

His ears rang violently.

When he looked up—

Pell was gone.

“No...”

Kenji scrambled upright desperately.

Smoke covered everything.

People screamed nearby.

More shells impacted across the district.

“PELL!”

Nothing.

Then finally—

A weak voice.

“Here...”

Kenji found him pinned beneath shattered ferrocrete near the crater edge.

Blood covered one side of his face.

One leg bent wrong.

Very wrong.

Lysa slid beside him instantly.

Her expression hardened after one glance.

Compound fracture.

Severe crush injuries.

Internal bleeding probably.

Pell looked at her face and understood immediately.

“...Oh.”

Nobody spoke.

The bombardment continued around them.

Closer now.

The enemy was advancing.

Pell looked toward Varik.

“...Sergeant...”

Varik knelt beside him silently.

Pell tried to smile.

Failed.

“Did... did I do okay?”

Kenji nearly broke right there.

Because Pell wasn't asking if he would survive.

He already knew.

He just wanted to know if he mattered.

Varik answered instantly.

“Yes.”

Absolute certainty.

No hesitation whatsoever.

“You stood.”

Pell laughed weakly through blood.

“...Cadia stands.”

Then another shell hit nearby.

The street partially collapsed.

Varik made the decision immediately.

“Move.”

Kenji stared at him in disbelief.

“We can't just leave him!”

“We stay, we all die.”

“He's alive!”

“For another minute maybe.”

The words hit like a knife.

Because Varik wasn't being cruel.

He was being correct.

That was the worst part.

Pell looked at Kenji.

Terrified now.

Actually terrified.

Not of dying.

Of being alone.

Please.

The word never left his mouth.

It didn't need to.

Bronn silently removed a fragmentation grenade from his belt.

Kenji froze.

"No."

Bronn's expression looked hollow.

"He knows."

Pell did know.

That was obvious from the tears running down his face now.

If Chaos reached him alive...

The things waiting beyond death in this universe were worse.

Far worse.

Pell looked at the squad one final time.

Then slowly nodded.

Trying to be brave.

Trying to die like a Guardsman.

Kenji hated this universe.

Hated it so much his chest physically hurt.

Varik rested a hand briefly on Pell's shoulder.

The closest thing to affection the veteran had shown all war.

Then the squad moved on.

Bronn stayed behind.

A few seconds later—

A muffled explosion echoed through the ruined avenue.

Nobody spoke afterward.

Not for a very long time.

Hours later they finally reached the evacuation district.

And discovered the truth.

There were not enough ships.

Thousands of soldiers and civilians crowded the spaceport barricades while Valkyries and bulk landers launched continuously into orbit.

Arbites forces held firing lines against the desperate crowds.

Families begged for entry.

Wounded Guardsmen collapsed in endless rows across the landing fields.

The Imperium was evacuating what it could.

Everything else would be left behind.

Kenji stared upward at the burning sky.

Somewhere beyond those clouds waited:

the Warp,

the Black Crusade,

and a galaxy built entirely upon endless war.

And somehow...

He was still alive.

For now.

Chapter VI



The Last Lift

The landing fields were warzones.

Valkyries descended through anti-air fire while overloaded transports clawed desperately toward orbit.

Every evac ship carried far beyond capacity.

Soldiers hung from exterior harnesses.

Civilians were crushed shoulder-to-shoulder inside cargo bays.

Some transports never even cleared the atmosphere.

Kenji watched one explode overhead after a lance strike punched through its engines.

Burning bodies rained across the runway.

Nobody stopped moving.

“Keep forward!” Arbites officers shouted through shock mauls and gunfire.

The evacuation perimeter had become a battlefield of desperation.

People begged.

Screamed.

Prayed.

Parents tried to hand children to departing soldiers.

Wounded Guardsmen crawled through mud toward loading ramps already sealed shut.

The Imperium was not cruel because it enjoyed cruelty.

It was cruel because there were too many people to save.

That truth was somehow worse.

Varik pushed the squad through the chaos with ruthless efficiency.

“Eyes up. Weapons ready.”

Kenji noticed the veterans scanning the crowd instead of the sky.

Not for enemies.

For panic.

A terrified crowd could kill faster than artillery.

Bronn suddenly stopped.

A little boy stood near the edge of the runway crying beside two corpses.

Parents probably.

The child couldn't have been older than six.

Lysa immediately moved toward him.

Varik grabbed her arm.

“We don’t have room.”

Lysa stared at him.

For the first time since Kenji had met them, genuine anger crossed her face.

“...I don’t care.”

Varik held her gaze for several seconds.

Then silently released her arm.

Lysa scooped the child into her arms while Bronn covered them with the autocannon.

Nobody complained.

Not even Varik.

The squad finally reached one of the loading zones near dawn.

Or what passed for dawn beneath the burning sky.

A massive bulk lander crouched on the shattered runway while thousands pressed against barricades trying to board.

Naval personnel screamed load limits through loudhailers.

Nobody listened.

Gunfire erupted somewhere in the crowd.

Then screaming.

Then more gunfire.

Kenji didn’t look.

He couldn’t anymore.

A Navy officer blocked their path.

“Unit designation?”

“88th Cadian,” Varik answered instantly.

The officer checked a dataslate.

Expression grim.

“Priority extraction revoked.”

“What?”

“Orders changed. Remaining capacity reserved for command personnel and strategic assets.”

Kenji stared in disbelief.

Strategic assets?

There were civilians dying in piles around them.

The officer looked exhausted.

Not malicious.

Just broken.

“Find another transport.”

“There won’t be another transport,” Varik said flatly.

The officer said nothing.

Because they both knew it was true.

Then the sirens changed again.

Higher pitch.

Urgent.

Every soldier nearby immediately looked skyward.

Kenji followed their gaze.

And saw the Warp storm descending.

Not metaphorically.

Literally descending.

Purple-black clouds spiraled downward toward the planet surface while impossible shapes moved within them.

The atmosphere itself had begun collapsing.

Cadia had minutes left at most.

The officer's composure finally cracked.

"...Emperor..."

Vox channels erupted simultaneously.

> "All remaining personnel evacuate immediately!"

> "Planetary integrity failure imminent!"

> "Repeat—"

> "Cadia is breaking apart!"

The crowd exploded into chaos.

Barricades collapsed instantly.

Thousands surged toward the lander.

Arbites opened fire.

People kept coming anyway.

The ship's crew started sealing ramps while civilians beat against the hull screaming.

Kenji stood frozen.

This was it.

The actual end of Cadia.

Varik shoved the squad forward.

“MOVE!”

Bronn physically cleared a path through the panicking mass while Lysa protected the child against her chest.

Kenji nearly lost sight of them three separate times.

People were dying beneath the crowd now.

Trampled.

Crushed.

Ignored.

Survival had stripped civilization down to instinct.

A woman grabbed Kenji's arm desperately.

“Please!”

She held out an infant wrapped in dirty cloth.

“Take her!”

Kenji froze.

The mother's eyes were wild with terror.

"Please!"

He looked toward the lander.

The ramps were already rising.

Too late.

Too little time.

He reached for the child—

Then the woman shoved the infant into his arms and disappeared back into the crowd before he could react.

Kenji stared down in shock.

The baby looked up at him silently.

Too young to even understand fear.

"KENJI!" Lysa shouted.

The ramps were closing.

Varik stood at the entrance firing into approaching cultists while Navy crew screamed for immediate departure.

Kenji ran.

Lasfire passed overhead.

The crowd behind him dissolved into panic as daemonic shapes began emerging from the descending storm.

People started shooting each other.

Some started praying.

Others simply collapsed screaming.

Reality itself was failing now.

Kenji reached the ramp seconds before it sealed.

Bronn hauled him inside one-handed.

The lander lifted immediately.

Hard enough to throw everyone sideways.

Through the closing hatch Kenji saw the last image of Cadia:

A world split open beneath a bleeding sky.

Inside the transport, nobody spoke.

Hundreds packed shoulder-to-shoulder in suffocating silence.

Wounded soldiers.

Civilians.

Children.

Shock.

The engines roared louder as the ship punched upward through turbulence.

Kenji sat against the hull still holding the infant.

He hadn't even realized he refused to let go.

Lysa sat beside him exhausted beyond words.

The little boy she rescued slept against Bronn's shoulder.

The massive heavy gunner looked terrified to move.

Varik stood near the sealed hatch staring downward.

Toward Cadia.

Toward home.

Kenji finally spoke quietly.

"...Did we survive?"

Varik answered without turning around.

"No."

Kenji frowned.

The veteran's voice sounded hollow.

"Cadia did not survive."

Silence filled the transport again.

Then, after a long moment—

Bronn spoke softly.

"...But we did."

Varik finally looked back at the squad.

And for the first time since the story began...

The sergeant looked old.

Not hardened.

Not unbreakable.

Just tired.

Very tired.

Outside the viewports, the planet cracked apart beneath the Warp storm.

And somewhere in the endless darkness beyond the stars...

The cruelest galaxy imaginable waited for them next.



88TH CADIAN SHOCK REGIMENT

ALPHA SQUAD • 3RD PLATOON

"We don't get remembered.
We just make sure tomorrow happens."
— Sergeant Elias Varik



SERGEANT ELIAS VARIK

Squad Leader

- ☠ Veteran of countless battles.
- Leads by example.
- ✚ Calm under fire.
- ⦿ Tactical and disciplined.
- ♥ Carries the weight of his squad in silence.



KENJI SATO

Guardman

- ✦ From another world.
- ♥ Knows the lore.
- ♥ Now he learns the truth.
- Adaptable and observant.
- Good shot, fast learner.
- ✦ Determined to survive.



LYSA HOLT

Combat Medic

- ✦ Keeps the squad alive.
- ✦ No time for weakness.
- ♥ Haunted by the ones she can't save.
- ✚ Highly skilled medic.
- ✚ Blunt and no-nonsense.
- ♥ Compassion beneath the scars.



BROWN KRUGER

Heavy Weapons Specialist

- ✦ Auto-cannon expert.
- ✦ Few words. Deadly accurate.
- ♥ Protects his squad.
- ♥ Loyal to the end.
- ✦ Devastating firepower.
- ♥ Soft side hidden deep beneath the scars.



PELL VARN

Guardman (New Recruit)

- ✦ New to the Guard.
- ✦ Still believes in honor.
- ♥ Cadia will change that.
- Optimistic and eager.
- ♥ Quick to trust.
- ♥ Innocence in a cruel world.



THE 88TH CADIAN SHOCK REGIMENT

The 88th is a proud and storied regiment of Cadia.
Discipline. Endurance. Sacrifice.
These are the traits with which Cadia trains.
Even now, as the world breaks,
the 88th holds the line.



SQUAD COMPOSITION

1x Sergeant
1x Combat Medic
1x Heavy Weapons Specialist
2x Guardmen

SQUAD MOTTO

"For Cadia.
For the Emperor.
For each other."





88TH CADIAN SHOCK REGIMENT
SQUAD ALPHA • 3RD PLATOON

PRESENT STATUS

SERGEANT ELIAS VARIK

RANK	Sergeant (Squad Leader)
REGIMENT	88th Cadian Shock Regiment
PLATOON	3rd Platoon, Alpha Squad
HOMEWORLD	Cadia
AGE	34 Standard Years
SERVICE TIME	16 Standard Years

BACKGROUND

Veteran of countless battles.
Leads by example, not words.
Believes Cadia will endure—
even now.

SPECIALTIES

- Calm under fire
- Tactical and disciplined
- Carries the weight of his squad in silence

EQUIPMENT

Bolt Pistol • Chainsword • Frag Grenades • Krak Grenades
Cadian Flak Armor • Vox-Bead • Auspex

SKILLS

LEADERSHIP	Tactical Acumen	Inspiring Presence	Iron Discipline
COMBAT	Close Quarters	Firearms Mastery	Grenade Expert
SURVIVAL	Endurance	Fieldcraft	Adaptability
KNOWLEDGE	Imperial Tactics	Munitorum Protocol	Enemy Intel

WARGEAR PROFICIENCY

Flak Armor • Lasgun Pattern Variants • Power Weapons • Vox-Comms • Auspex

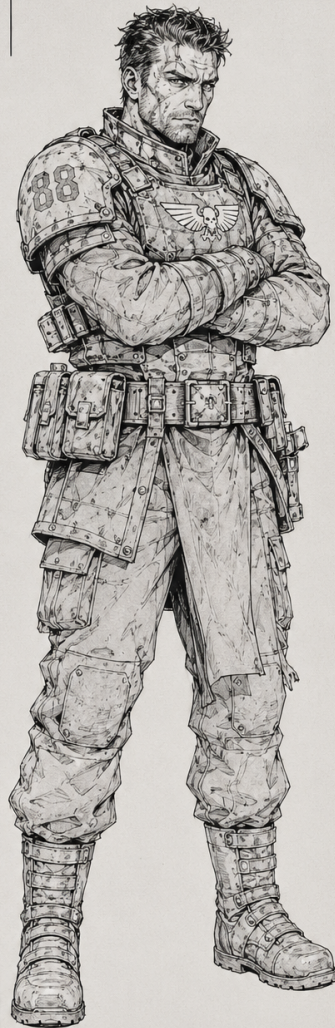
RECORD

Campaigns: 12+
Confirmed Kills: 87
Wounds Received: Many
Decorations: Cadian Honor Badge, Marksman's Insignia

NOTES

"Orders are simple. Survive. Protect each other.
Make the Emperor proud."

— Sgt. Elias Varik



CADIA STANDS.



88TH CADIAN SHOCK REGIMENT SQUAD ALPHA • 3RD PLATOON

PRESENT STATUS

KENJI SATO

GUARDSMAN

RANK	Guardsman
REGIMENT	88th Cadian Shock Regiment
PLATOON	3rd Platoon, Alpha Squad
HOMEWORLD	Cadia
AGE	19 Standard Years
SERVICE TIME	1 Standard Year

BACKGROUND

From another world.
Knows the lore.
Now he learns the truth.

SPECIALTIES

- ✱ Adaptable and observant
- 🎯 Good shot, fast learner
- 💖 Determined to survive

EQUIPMENT

Lasgun (M36) • Combat Knife • Frag Grenades
Flak Armor • Vox-Bead • Auspex

SKILLS

COMBAT	Marksanship	Close Quarters	Tactical Movement
SURVIVAL	Endurance	Fieldcraft	Situational Awareness
KNOWLEDGE	Imperial Doctrine	Xenos Recognition	Lore Study
TECH	Auspex Use	Vox-Comms	Basic Maintenance

WARGEAR PROFICIENCY

Lasgun Flak Armor Vox-Comms Auspex Combat Knife

RECORD

Campaigns: 1
Confirmed Kills: 7
Wounds Received: 2
Decorations: —

NOTES

"The enemy is vast.
But so is Cadia's will."

— Kenji Sato



CADIA STANDS.





88TH CADIAN SHOCK REGIMENT SQUAD ALPHA • 3RD PLATOON

PRESENT STATUS

LYSA HOLT

COMBAT MEDIC

RANK	Combat Medic
REGIMENT	88th Cadian Shock Regiment
PLATOON	3rd Platoon, Alpha Squad
HOMEWORLD	Cadia
AGE	26 Standard Years
SERVICE TIME	6 Standard Years

BACKGROUND

Keeps the squad alive.
No time for weakness.
Haunted by the ones she can't save.

SPECIALTIES

- ✚ Highly skilled medic
- 🎯 Blunt and no-nonsense
- 💔 Compassion beneath the scars

EQUIPMENT

Medic Pack • Surgical Kit • Refractor Field • Frag Grenades
Cadian Flak Armor • Vox-Bead • Auspex

SKILLS

MEDICAL	Trauma Care	Battlefield Surgery	Stimulant Use
COMBAT	Pistol Marksmanship	Close Quarters	Cover Utilization
SURVIVAL	Endurance	Field Medicine	Triage Prioritization
LEADERSHIP	Team Support	Composure	Morale Management
TECH	Auspex Use	Vox-Comms	Equipment Maintenance

WARGEAR PROFICIENCY

Laspistol	Medical Kit	Frag Grenades	Auspex	Cadian Flak Armor
-----------	-------------	---------------	--------	-------------------

RECORD

Campaigns: 3
Confirmed Saves: 47
Wounds Treated: 126+
Decorations: Cadian Excellentia Medica



NOTES

"Mercy is a luxury.
Duty is not."

— Lysa Holt



CADIA STANDS.



88TH CADIAN SHOCK REGIMENT SQUAD ALPHA • 3RD PLATOON

PRESENT STATUS

BRONN KRUGER

HEAVY WEAPONS SPECIALIST

RANK	Heavy Weapons Specialist
REGIMENT	88th Cadian Shock Regiment
PLATOON	3rd Platoon, Alpha Squad
HOMEWORLD	Cadia
AGE	38 Standard Years
SERVICE TIME	17 Standard Years

BACKGROUND

Autocannon expert.
Few words. Deadly accurate.
Protects his squad in the only
way he knows.

SPECIALTIES

- * Autocannon expert
- 🎯 Few words. Deadly accurate.
- ♥️ Loyal to the end.

EQUIPMENT

Heavy Stubber (M41 Pattern) • Combat Knife • Krak Grenades
Cadian Flak Armor • Vox-Bead • Auspex

SKILLS

HEAVY WEAPONS	Autocannon Mastery	Target Prioritization	Sustained Fire
COMBAT	Suppressive Fire	Area Denial	Overwatch
SURVIVAL	Endurance	Situational Awareness	Cover Utilization
TACTICAL	Fire Lanes	Positioning	Threat Assessment
TECH	Weapon Maintenance	Auspex Use	Vox-Comms

WARGEAR PROFICIENCY

Autocannon Heavy Stubber Frag Grenades Auspex Cadian Flak Armor

RECORD

Campaigns: 14+
Confirmed Kills: 158+
Enemies Suppressed: Uncounted
Decorations: Cadian Cross of Sacrifice

NOTES

"The dead don't care how many words you wasted."
The living do."

— Bronn Kruger



CADIA STANDS.



88TH CADIAN SHOCK REGIMENT SQUAD ALPHA • 3RD PLATOON

PRESENT STATUS

PELL VARN

GUARDSMAN (NEW RECRUIT)

RANK	Guardsman
REGIMENT	88th Cadian Shock Regiment
PLATOON	3rd Platoon, Alpha Squad
HOMEWORLD	Cadia
AGE	18 Standard Years
SERVICE TIME	2 Months

BACKGROUND

New to the Guard.
Still believes in heroes.
Cadia will change that.

SPECIALTIES

- ✱ Optimistic and eager
- ♥ Quick to trust
- ♥ Innocence in a cruel world

EQUIPMENT

Lasgun (M36) • Combat Knife • Frag Grenades
Cadian Flak Armor • Vox-Bead • Auspex

SKILLS

COMBAT	Basic Marksmanship	Close Quarters	Overwatch
SURVIVAL	Endurance	Situational Awareness	Field Craft
SUPPORT	Ammo Bearer	Teamwork	Vox-Comms
TECH	Auspex Use	Basic Maintenance	

WARGEAR PROFICIENCY

Lasgun	Cadian Flak Armor	Frag Grenades	Vox-Comms	Auspex
--------	-------------------	---------------	-----------	--------

RECORD

Campaigns: 0
Confirmed Kills: 0
Wounds Received: 0
Decorations: —



NOTES

"He's got heart."
"We'll keep him alive as long as we can."

— Sgt. Elias Varik



CADIA STANDS.